

Jacobite Songs, etc.

To the K--g's Most Excellent M---y, 1-39

The Humble ADDRESS
of the TOWER of LON-
DON, presented by the Com-
mittee of Secrecy, June the
10th, 1715. introduced by
his Grace the D. of M-----

Dread SIR,

LET *England's* Church her sinking State deplore,
And vainly weep, now ANNA is no more!
Too late grown Wife, let *Tories* think, with Tears,
How ill they Husbanded Four fruitful Years;
Let *Britain* too lament, her Freedom lost,
And think how Dear a *German* K--g hath cost.
Just is my Joy! my Transports are sincere!
Thee G---e, I welcome! Thee my Walls revere!
Thy *Gothick*, *Turkish* Rule, proclaims my Power,
In ancient Terror, reinstates the Tower.

No more shall gaping Cuts, and staring Clowns!
With awkward Jests, deride my harmless Guns:
No longer shall my idle Axes rust,
Or massive Chains lie Useless in the Dust:
No more shall tender Dam'sels flock to see
My Lyons, far less Terrible than Thee!
Their Dens shall now be stock'd with Human Prey!
And Bones of Slaughter'd Nobles Pave the Way.

No Sex, no Rank, no Dignity, or Age,
No Vertue shall appease, or stem our Rage:
With Patriot-Heads my Spires shall be adorn'd!
Nor shall my fatal Power be longer scorn'd.
But my fam'd Hill, shall flow with Loyal Blood,
Whilst frightned Crouds, wade thro' the Purple Flood!

Thus Thou, and I, shall Rule this stubborn Land,
Give Laws at Will, and by the Sword Command.